

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN

VOL. XXVIII.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1871.

NO. 13.

**THE CAROLINA SPARTAN**  
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY AT

Two Dollars and a Half per Annum.  
Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square,  
first insertion; subsequent insertions at  
cents.

Obituary Notices exceeding TEN LINES,  
Tributes of Respect, Announcements of Candi-  
dates, and Communications for personal inter-  
est, will be charged for at the above rates.

Advertisements not having the number  
of insertions specified, will be continued and  
charged for till ordered out.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., May 4th, 1871.

J. A. HENNEMAN, P. G. of Morgan Lodge,  
No. 19, & O. O. F.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

In obedience to a Resolution unanimously  
adopted, we the Committee, most respectfully  
solicit a copy of your address, delivered in the  
Hall of Morgan Lodge, in Spartanburg, on the  
evening of the 26th ult., the anniversary of the  
introduction of the Order in the U. S. So well  
accepted was it, by all who had the privilege of  
hearing the same, that we earnestly request  
your consent to its publication, and consider  
that its truths will advance much the interest  
of our Noble Order.

Yours in F. L. T.,

J. M. ELFORD,  
Chairman of Committee.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., May 5th, 1871.

P. G., J. M. ELFORD,  
Chairman of Committee.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:

Your esteemed communication of the 4th  
inst., informing me of the action taken by Morgan  
Lodge in regard to the address delivered  
by me, on April 26th, last, on the occasion of  
the fifty-second Anniversary of Odd Fellow-  
ship in the U. S., was duly received.

Permit me, my dear Brother, to say in reply,  
that I feel myself highly honored by the Resolu-  
tion passed, and hereby through you, return  
my thanks to the members, for their appre-  
ciation of an effort of which I was not very  
sanguine.

The address itself, I consider the property  
of the Lodge; in hastily preparing the same,  
I believed it only intended for the Lodge Room.  
You will not consider me vain when I state,  
that had I imagined the contemplated publica-  
tion, I should have taken more pains to avoid  
the criticism of the public, who cannot under-  
stand in fraternal intercourse the feeling, that  
anything which is said or done by one of its  
members, must necessarily be appreciated by  
the outside world.

I, at all times, consider the will of the Lodge  
my pleasure, and am ever ready to labor for  
its promotion. If the Lodge considers that  
the publication of the address will advance  
much the interest of our noble Order, I here-  
with (although dissenting from you on that  
point) submit the address to your disposition.

Yours in F. L. and T.,

J. A. HENNEMAN.

N. G. AND BROTHERS,

Agreeable to a circular emanating from  
the R. W. Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., of  
the U. S., recommending to all subordinate  
Lodges of the Order, under its jurisdiction,  
to observe the 26th day of April, the Anniv-  
ersary day of Odd Fellowship, as a day of  
thanksgiving; and whereas the N. G. of  
Morgan Lodge received a copy of the same,  
certified and endorsed by the G. L. of  
S. C., it was unanimously

Resolved: That Morgan Lodge act up-  
on the recommendation and observe the  
day. Through partiality rather than any  
opinion of my ability, the good brethren se-  
lected me to deliver an address on this  
occasion. Whilst I appreciate the honor  
thus conferred upon me, I also feel my  
utter inability to present properly the ob-  
ject for which we have met.

On the 26th day of April 1819, fifty-  
two years ago, Odd Fellowship obtained a  
permanent establishment on the Western  
Continent, and Washington Lodge No. 1,  
of Baltimore city, in the State of Maryland,  
was instituted. Lodges of Odd Fellow-  
ship had for several years previous been in  
existence in this country, but they were lack-  
ing in the important element of stability.  
They were regularly instituted Lodges, and  
were founded by Immigrants from the  
Mother Country, flourishing for several  
years, and then gave up the ghost. The  
credit of firmly establishing Odd Fellow-  
ship in America, belongs to Brothers Wil-  
dey, Welch, Daucan, Cheatham and Wash-  
worth, who, in an upper room at a Tavern,  
called the Seven Stars, in Baltimore city,  
sowed the seed.

As the 26th day of April has been recog-  
nized and commemorated by the brother-  
hood of the U. S., we should regard the  
day with grateful remembrance, and join  
the great fraternity in celebrating the day  
of the annals of our renown.

Odd Fellowship has established a reputa-  
tion to which we can point with pride.  
Let us consider, that but fifty-two years  
ago, five men, without name or influence,  
founded the first Lodge under circum-  
stances not easily portrayed.

Fifty-two years ago this country was  
not as enlightened nor the masses as in-  
telligent as to day. Fifty-two years ago  
that small but noble band, instituting for  
posterity a Society Grand and Glorious—  
transplanting the principles of "Friendship,  
Love and Truth" from the Mother to this,  
their adopted country. Can you imagine  
these exalted virtues, the object to extend

them among men, to be misunderstood by  
prejudice and superstition, and confound-  
ed with witchcraft and satanic influence?  
and is it at all wondrous then, that the  
Lodges formed previous to Washington  
Lodge should have failed and given up in  
despair?

Place yourself in imagination in that  
upper room in the tavern of Baltimore, of  
over half a century ago. Do you see a  
large concourse of the rich, and influential  
of Baltimore city, listening to an appeal  
presented by a fashionable and leading  
member of their circle, in behalf of the  
great human family, pleading for the allevi-  
ation of suffering mankind, to watch by  
the bedside of a poor sick Brother, or to  
succor the widow and the orphan? No!  
You see five men—with no grand Regalia  
or other Paraphernalia which distinguish  
rightly, Lodges of to-day—no fine and costly  
Library from which they call the prin-  
ciples of an Order they are about to estab-  
lish, their only Book, the greatest of vol-  
umes—the Bible, and with that guide, they  
determine to spread the good work, setting  
aside all difficulties, never tiring, or mind-  
ful of the foe who ignorantly assails them,  
battling against all opposition with un-  
daunted perseverance, succeed with the  
good cause, where others before them  
have failed, and lay the corner-stone of  
Odd Fellowship in this country. The  
very name they gave to their Lodge had  
a talismanic effect to nerve them to accom-  
plish a work, the grandeur of which we  
have come together this evening to com-  
memorate, and to give thanks to the Great  
Benevolent Being for His Blessing upon  
that little band of obscure Immigrants.

From that Lodge formed in 1819, up to  
1871, a period of fifty-two years, nearly  
4,000 Lodges, in active working order,  
have been established, with about 300,000  
members, extending over the Western  
Continent, and in part of Australia, all un-  
der the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of  
the U. S.

What other Society can boast of a proud  
or better Record? and how well is the  
assertion illustrated that one Law shall  
bind all Nations, and that Law, the Law  
of universal brotherhood. Is it not won-  
derful that from such a small beginning,  
and in such a short space of time, a mighty  
giant should spring up, whose influence  
and teachings bear fruit and prevail over  
all the country.

From the Grand Secretary's report we  
gain the following information: The number  
of Brothers relieved in the year 1870,  
were twenty-five thousand and nineteen,  
widowed families three thousand and sev-  
enty-six. The amount paid for the relief  
of Brothers \$579,043 81; for widowed fam-  
ilies \$122,043.65. Amount paid for edu-  
cating orphans, \$19,444.16. Total amount  
\$859,906 86. Besides these figures there is  
no doubt that there are hundreds of cases  
of Benevolence and Charity of a private  
character by Brothers of this Order.

From these statistics we submit our  
principles to the utmost scrutiny, and hold  
them up to the light of day to dissipate the  
idle notions which the foes of Odd Fellow-  
ship entertain, and they must admit that  
its report is good and learn to respect the  
Order.

It behooves us then this evening to re-  
member gratefully that little Baltimore  
Band, and most deserving amongst them,  
Father Thos. Wildey. He was born in  
the city of London on the 15th day of  
January 1783, in the reign of George III  
and at the close of the Revolutionary War.  
At five years of age he was placed at  
School, which he attended, until he was  
fourteen years old, but received a very  
limited education. In the year 1804, he  
was initiated into Lodge No. 17 of the  
Order of Odd Fellows, in the city of Lon-  
don, in which, he served in every capac-  
ity, from the humblest to the highest Of-  
fice, and was distinguished for his zeal and  
energy. On the 3d day of July 1817 he  
embarked for America, and reached Bal-  
timore city, on the 2d day of September  
following.

He made the acquaintance of John Welch,  
a fellow countryman, who also was an Odd  
Fellow. They discussed the plan of intro-  
ducing the Order into this country—after  
various unsuccessful efforts to increase  
their members to the required *five*. Finally  
by repeated advertising they reached the  
desired result, and on the 26th day of  
April 1819, Washington Lodge, No. 1  
was formed with Thos. Wildey as N. G.

How he was justly honored by the  
Brotherhood in after years, as well as the  
erection of a Monument over his grave after  
his death, are matters familiar to every  
Odd Fellow. In the year 1840, Odd Fellow-  
ship was introduced into the State of  
South Carolina, by forming South Car-  
olina Lodge No. 1, of Charleston, and to  
its honor, be it said, is still one of the  
largest Lodges in the State, and has  
amongst its members some of the best and  
most influential men in the city. In May,  
1849, the Order was introduced into the  
Town of Spartanburg, and Morgan Lodge,  
No. 19, was founded. This Lodge has great  
cause this evening for thanksgiving and  
rejoicing. Many are the vicissitudes and

trials our beloved Lodge has experienced,  
and to find it to night still, in active op-  
eration ought to swell our hearts with grate-  
ful pride, and particularly the hearts of the  
veteran members sitting with us, who have  
seen its very dawn, and were its founders—  
who have guided it through its infancy  
on to its glory, and steered it safely through  
the stormy days, when its star became  
dim. These veterans clung to their  
First Love, and when the younger  
members were absent from home, with un-  
wearied energy worked on, saved the char-  
ter and kept the old ship afloat.

In 1865, probably the darkest hour  
this Lodge has ever seen, when scarcely a  
member had current money to contribute  
towards the support of the Lodge, when for  
that want, more than half of the Lodges in  
this State forfeited their charters, how aptly  
the handful of faithful ones of Morgan  
Lodge illustrated that *When there is a will,  
there is a way*, and prominent amongst that  
handful, the faithful of the faithful, who  
like the Founder of Odd Fellowship serv-  
ed his Lodge and the Order in every  
capacity with equal zeal and energy, never  
failed (although G. M. of the State, still  
served his Lodge as Sec'y) to make his  
reports to the Grand Lodge of this State,  
whether there were funds in the Treasury  
or not, at personal inconvenience advanced  
the required sum, to keep up the honor of  
Morgan Lodge.

Such genuine principles, and Love for  
the Order, deserve to be inscribed on the  
records in letters of gold, on this the day  
of celebrating the greatness of our Order.  
Twice has Morgan Lodge been honored,  
by selecting the same Member, to fill the  
highest Office of the order, and too, at a  
time, when it required a Head, a Heart  
and a Hand, to prevent the Ship, with tattered  
sails and in leaking condition from shipwreck.  
Like a good Captain he kept it  
afloat, trimmed the sails, inspired Odd  
Fellowship, and with flying colors surren-  
dered it to his Successor, with the word  
"Onward" written on its Banner. To day  
Phoenix like, the Order in this State has  
risen from its ashes, and Morgan Lodge  
bides fair to become one of the first Lodges  
in the State, and its name, like  
that of the glorious Hero and Patriot,  
the Battle of Cowpens, after whom it was  
named, shall ever appear bright untarnish-  
ed in the Annals of Odd Fellowship. One  
more and great cause, this Lodge has for  
thanks, giving, is that during the year just  
passed, only one of its members was re-  
ported sick, so as to need the attention of  
the Lodge, and none, I am happy to state  
were taken from our midst by death. The  
chain that entwines us has not been severed,  
and long may it be, before we are  
called upon to record such a sorrowful  
event.

With this brief History of Morgan  
Lodge, and the example of the old Mem-  
bers before us; I would appeal to the  
young brothers to work zealously; let your  
efforts never cease to extend, your Lodge  
—build it up, while you have the guid-  
ance of the veterans, for ere very long,  
you will be called upon to guide it yourself,  
and then, when on the pinnacle of your glory,  
you can point to the records of your Lodge,  
and rejoice that your Sires have kept them  
unsullied, through the darkest days of its  
existence. And to those Brothers, who  
have become lukewarm, and indifferent, I  
would say on this Anniversary day. Return!  
be severed from the chain no longer,  
help to make strong the chain that here  
unites us, link yourself again to "Friend-  
ship, Love and Truth,"—fill again the places  
you once occupied with profit and pleas-  
ure to the Lodge, and let us have it the  
Bright Star to guide on shipwrecked Breth-  
ren.

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
Seeing it, shall take heart again.  
In the last few years we have met with  
heavy losses,—familiar faces we were wont  
to see, and voices we used to hear, are no  
longer seen, nor their voices heard with-  
in this Lodge Room—they have left us.—  
Some to seek new homes and new friend-  
ships. In making the latter, let us hope they  
will find none truer than those they left  
behind, and wherever these brothers have  
gone, may they be prosperous, and never  
forget the principles of Odd Fellowship.

Others have been removed from our  
midst to that country, from whose bourne  
no traveller returns—and we trust, are  
now sitting in the celestial Lodge above,  
where the Great Grand Master presides,  
and their spirits are hovering over us now,  
urging us on in a work, which Heaven  
speeds, and the Angels smile upon.  
To the memory of these our departed  
brothers, we dedicate a tear upon this our  
natal day.

The members at large, I would address  
this evening. That with such a Record  
before us, (this fifty-second Anniversary,)  
we should be inspired if possible with re-  
newed energy, to be up and doing, and  
show the world by our example that we  
are Odd Fellows indeed. There is a time  
in any ones life when he calls to mind  
words that he would wish unspoken, and  
things done that he would wish undone.—  
We have all things to regret, and things

to forgive. Brothers, our Order is daily  
becoming more and better appreciated;  
shall we not one and all strive to enhance  
its reputation by living right and doing  
well? Let our watchword be EX-  
CELLENCE!

Under all circumstances we re-  
joice in Him, Our Great Grand Master,  
the giver of all things, and with-  
out whom we are naught. Let us  
all gratefully thank Him this evening  
for His mercies unto us as individuals, and  
unto us, as a Lodge.

Brothers of the Golden Trenches,  
Friendship, Truth and Holy Love,  
Join to day in God thanksgiving  
To the Infinite above.  
Thank Him for His Blessings showered,  
On our Order of Renewal;  
Praise Him for the great Success  
Which our faithful efforts, crown.

Lo! the sound of strifes dark Minions  
Fainter grows, and soon shall cease;  
And the Brotherhoods sweet chorus  
Heralds in the day of peace!  
Then press on! O, brave defenders  
Of Faith, Goodness, Truth and Worth,  
Till Odd Fellowship shall banish  
Sorrow, Wrong, and Woe, from earth.

Thus upon our glorious Order's  
Bright and joyful Natal day,  
Let our vows all be recorded,  
That we'll ever hold our way,  
Through this world of want and weap-  
ing.  
Trusting that our Motives pure  
Soon will win praise universal,  
And our tenets e're endure.

Correspondence of the Spartan.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 27, 1871.  
DEAR SPARTAN:—The Ku Klux Bill  
having passed, the Radicals are busy man-  
ufacturing outrages so that when Grant  
comes back from the West, he will have  
an excuse to put it in operation at once.  
One of their dodges is to tell the same tale  
over again in a different manner, and thus  
create the impression that it is not the  
"same old tale." The shooting of Dr. Win-  
smith comes off, this morning, in a new  
dress, but is easily recognized by any one  
accustomed to their dark-ways and vain  
tricks.

This time Dr. WinSmith is described as  
a "conservative republican," and it is an-  
nounced that he has "since died." In the  
same number of the paper is a notice of the  
Taxpayers Convention, which says the  
New York and Boston capitalists have  
formed a company with two million dol-  
lars capital to purchase lands thrown on  
the market by refusal of our people to pay  
the taxes; but no mention is made that  
the "conservative republican" was in favor  
of the said convention, although the cards  
of those discontented republicans pub-  
lished in the same number of the *Spartan*,  
with Dr. WinSmith's card are noticed and  
commented upon.

The paper here which is more active in  
getting up these Ku Klux stories seems to  
have a regular correspondent in our neigh-  
borhood. He writes them that those cards  
are published because the signers are warn-  
ed by the K. K., and that one of the writ-  
ers told him since publishing his card,  
that he was "just as good a republican as  
he ever was," which is not hard to believe  
as the only reason they turned radical was  
to share in the "stealage." Grant is bound  
to be President next time if "brute force"  
can make him, and he will control the  
Southern States with his bayonets, and  
hopes, to control the Northern by bribes  
and cheating at the elections. Whenever  
any one is killed in the South after this,  
somebody will be arrested and hanged for  
it. No man of common sense imagines for  
a moment that any of the Ku Klux will  
suffer, for to catch them is impossible, but  
some from the neighborhood will be the  
victim. After they are arrested and car-  
ried to Charleston, (the trials must all be  
in the United States Court,) a sufficient  
number of negroes and mean white men  
will be escorted down to convict; of course  
the trials will be only farces. The juries  
will be exclusively negroes, as they must  
take the test oath. Grant has made a great  
hubbub about the "insurrection" now in  
South Carolina, and to show that it is not  
all humbug, he must hang a few men  
whether guilty or not. It may startle some  
of our readers to think that Grant would  
do such a thing, but his past history shows  
he cares nothing for human life. The Ku  
Klux may kill the witnesses when they  
come back, but that won't bring the dead  
to life again. Had not the mysterious  
brotherhood better reflect a moment before  
publishing the next evil-deed? The life of  
some of our best citizens may be sacrificed

for the death of some thieving rascal who  
justly deserves the halter. We hope the  
tale about the capitalists with the two mil-  
lion dollars coming to buy lands in South  
Carolina won't frighten our people. It is  
all humbug. Those Yankees are perfectly  
willing the harpies now leading on our  
people should be gorged, but they do not  
care to furnish them with food. There is  
no danger of their buying land where it is  
taxed the way our land is. Money is not  
so plentiful in New York and Boston that  
the holders of it are hunting up thieves to  
steal it for them, if it was it would be  
cheaper to advertise it a little, and our leg-  
islature go there about it. We people have  
been trying to sell their lands to 1888  
same capitalists ever since the war, but  
without success, as they knew too well the  
character of our rulers. The South Car-  
olina blood in Senator Robinson's veins as-  
serted its supremacy when the vote was  
taken on the Ku Klux bill, and to his hon-  
or be it said he voted against it. Our  
sweet Wallace voted for it, and is now  
whining around the streets saying he is  
afraid to go home as the Ku Klux will  
kill him. We think the charming widow  
for whose benefit he told this, failed to ap-  
preciate it as she is a sympathizer with the  
South. We happened in a religious meet-  
ing not many nights ago and saw this same  
Wallace rise near the pulpit and address  
the congregation. Visits of those 100  
voters at Paeolet Depot (who would have  
voted for him but were run off,) and the  
"thousands" of others who ought to have  
done so but didn't, but in consideration of  
which he got his seat and the \$5,000 per  
year that Mr. Simpson was entitled to,  
rose in our mind so vividly that we imag-  
ined ourself in poor degraded South Car-  
olina again, and not in church where people  
had met to worship.

The only parcel of impudence we  
ever heard of was the account of the devil  
going to Heaven on the day the Son of  
God walked before Him. If our people  
will stand firm in their determination not  
to pay any more taxes, and the Ku Klux  
decline to give Grant a chance to hang  
anybody, the Radical party, especially that  
portion in South Carolina, will soon be  
numbered among the things that were. Their  
capital is reduced, not to "outrages" and  
their papers teem with the accounts daily,  
and published three or four times a week,  
for a month. All the men of brain are  
deserting Grant. Sumner, Chase, Seward,  
Trumbull, Grant, Brown, and men of their  
stamp see that unless they cut loose, Grant  
will sink them all when he goes down,  
which he is bound to at the next Presi-  
dential election. Let our people stand by the  
taxpayers Convention and make as good  
crops as the season will permit, and all  
will be well. It takes more courage to be  
a true South Carolinian now than it did in  
time of the war. DUROC, JR.

[From the *Saline (Mo) Progress*.  
**Reminiscences of Old Bob—  
Brother of the Celebra-  
ted Kit Carson.**

This celebrated mountaineer and trap-  
per yet lives on the Missouri River, high  
the town of Arrow Rock; is hale, stout  
and hearty, able to make many more like  
trips. He is full of anecdotes, and gives  
us many hair-breadth escapes from moun-  
tain storms and Indian fights.

He says the last tight place he got into  
was in the year 1846, during the Mexican  
war. The Mexicans were committing  
degradations of all kinds, and had stolen  
some of our Government horses and  
mules. Capt. Price—afterwards Gen.  
Sterling Price—was in command of a com-  
pany of United States volunteers, who  
were ever ready for a scout or a fight.  
He was ordered to make a detail of twelve  
of his best men and send them in search  
of the stolen property. Twelve choice and  
well tried men were chosen. Then came  
the query—who is able and willing to take  
command of this squad? It must be some  
man who can talk with the different In-  
dian tribes through which they may have  
to pass in pursuit of the Mexicans.

Luckily for the squad, at this moment  
Bob Carson rode up, well mounted on his  
favorite hunting horse Leo. A shout from  
the twelve brave men bid him welcome;  
their object stated and requesting him to  
take command. Nothing suited Carson  
better than this.

He told Capt. Price that he could follow  
a cold trail as fast as any living man could,  
and to give himself no uneasiness, that he  
would bring his twelve men back and not  
lose a scalp.

The sequel shows how he succeeded.  
The second day out they struck the  
trail; late in the evening they saw in the  
distance a large party of Indians, and as  
they were on friendly terms with the dif-  
ferent tribes Carson and his band hurried  
to overtake them, hoping to gain some in-  
formation concerning the stock.

The Indians saw them approaching and  
halted for them to come up. As Carson  
and his men came nigher, his keen eye  
discovered that they were on the war-path,  
but knowing no fear, he rode up, and the

Indians, 1,400 strong, closed wings and  
completely surrounded them. Sandivere,  
the chief, rode up to Carson, exclaiming:  
"Aeds tedoly"—you are my prisoner!  
Carson, after questioning the chief a  
short time, found that they were in  
pursuit of lost stock, stolen and  
scurried by United States soldiers.  
The Mexican soldiers were  
scarcely themselves  
could not  
and his  
men's  
made  
to send  
Price's  
found  
the fourth  
at twelve  
his prison-  
started  
Carson and  
to every-  
to the chief,  
cheerful and  
happy.

On the morning of the fourth day all  
were momentarily expecting the runner to  
appear. Ten o'clock came and no runner  
in sight; 11 and no runner in sight.  
Everything in camp was excitement and  
commotion. Sandivere was certain his  
runner had been foully dealt with, and in  
his anger made preparations for summary  
vengeance. Twelve o'clock, and no runner  
in sight as far as the eye could  
reach.

Carson thought his hour had come, as  
preparations were made; and, well know-  
ing the terrors would be complied with, he  
called Sandivere and told him he would  
like to have a talk with him before he and  
his men were shot. Carson and Sandivere  
commenced their talk, Carson in the  
meantime walking slowly and leisurely  
from the camp, telling the chief the hor-  
ses, saddles, blankets, etc., were all don-  
ated or willed to him, the great chief, and  
that he was not compelled on account of  
this donation, to divide them among his  
warriors.

The chief was much interested and  
pleased with this donation, and by this  
time they were eighty to one hundred  
yards from the Indian camp, when Carson  
with the dexterity of an old mountaineer,  
pulled from his boot leg an ugly looking  
holster pistol, cocked and presented direct-  
ly in the face of the old chief, exclaim-  
ing:  
"Stand, sir! you are my prisoner."  
"What do you mean?" asked Sandivere.  
"I mean just what I say.—If you move  
one inch you are a dead man."  
The Indians seeing their chief in dan-  
ger started to his rescue, but Carson told  
him to motion his men back, or he would  
shoot him on the spot. The old chief,  
well knowing the man he had to deal with,  
instantly complied and motioned his men  
back. Carson then told him to order up  
his twelve men with their horses just as  
he had received them, and Leo with them.  
This was instantly complied with.

Carson then mounted the old chief be-  
hind one of his men and started for Capt.  
Price's camp, where Sandivere found  
things as represented by Carson. The  
runner had been there, but had lost the  
trail, which had caused the delay. Capt.  
Price gave the chief many presents, and  
escorted him to his tribe. He ever after-  
wards was a true friend to the whites, and  
in many instances did very valuable ser-  
vice.

Thus by the coolness, cunning and  
downright bravery of Bob Carson this de-  
voted band of twelve brave men were re-  
scued from certain death. Parties right  
here were with Carson at that time and  
can vouch for the truth of the above state-  
ment.

Long live Bob Carson. J. P.

A Western clergyman in recommending  
a friend for a situation, says: "He is per-  
fectly human, and has made some of the  
ablest mistakes that ever were made, show-  
ing in their happening and in their cor-  
recting a hopeful, conscience and growing  
manhood."

"What is the difference between sixty  
minutes and my youngest sister?" asked a  
precocious boy of his grave uncle. "I  
don't know; what is it?" was the uncle's  
reply. "Why, one's an hour, and the other's  
our Ann," was the stunning explana-  
tion.

A greenhorn went to a menagerie to ex-  
amine the beasts. Several gentlemen ex-  
pressed the opinion that the organ otang  
was a lower order of the human species.—  
Hodge did not like this idea, and striding  
up to the gentleman, expressed his com-  
tempt for it thus: "Pooh! he's no more  
human species than I be!"

"Call that a kind man," said an actor,  
speaking of an absent acquaintance. "a man  
who is away from his family, and never  
sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?  
—Yes, unrelenting kindness," Jerrold re-  
plied.